[UMBRA CORPS – SIGNAL INTELLIGENCE DIVISION]
CLASSIFIED TRANSMISSION LOG
OPERATION: BLACK VIOLET
CLEARANCE LEVEL: SIGMA-6
REF ID: ODESSA-23

INTERCEPTED TRANSMISSION - KIEV SIGNALS INTELLIGENCE UNIT
DATE: [REDACTED]
TIME: 02:34:17
SOURCE: Unidentified Russian Military Black-Site, Eastern Siberia
CONTENT: Continuous, repeating numerical sequence (16 hours, uninterrupted)

02:34:18 - ANOMALY DETECTED

- Transmission abruptly ceases.
- A Russian operative breaks protocol. Voice identified as Major Pyotr Sokolov (GRU).

“We are compromised. The Rift listens. It knows we are here.”

02:34:23 - UNIDENTIFIED RESPONSE RECEIVED

- The voice that replies is not Russian.
- The voice that replies is an exact match for Captain Artem Koslov.

“Yes. We do.”

PERSONAL LOG – CAPT. ARTEM KOSLOV, SIGNALS INTELLIGENCE, UKRAINIAN MILITARY

LOG ENTRY #1

I have intercepted hundreds of Russian transmissions over the years. Psyops, deepfakes, compromised signals—I have seen it all. I know how they operate. The message we pulled from Siberia is not their work.

First, the signal wasn’t encrypted. It was raw, unguarded. No attempt to hide it. Either a deliberate trap or something else.

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Second, the numbers. Sixteen hours. No variation, no pattern breaks. And then—silence. The kind of silence that makes your ears ring. Like the signal was cut from the other side.

Then the voice. Sokolov.

I recognized his name. GRU operative. Black-site director. For him to break protocol like that? Impossible. He would have swallowed a bullet before speaking on an unsecured line.
Yet I heard it. Panic. Terror. He wasn't speaking to us. He was speaking to something else.
And then I heard myself.

LOG ENTRY #2

I have played the transmission back twelve times. I know what I heard. It's my voice. Pronunciation, cadence—perfect.
But the words? I have never spoken them.

"Yes. We do."

That was the reply. No hesitation, no distortion. Just certainty. I ran a forensic analysis. If this were a Russian AI, there would be artifacts—micro-modulations, misalignments in the waveform. There are none.

That voice is mine. But it is not me.

LOG ENTRY #3

I reported the anomaly. Standard protocol. Flagged as potential Russian disinformation.
But my report is missing.

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I checked the logs. Nothing. I refiled it. Within an hour—gone again.

I am being monitored. I checked my security clearance history. There was an unauthorized access to my profile. Not an external breach—internal. Someone inside our own network flagged me. Paranoia is standard in this field, but this isn't paranoia anymore.

I asked around, casually. My colleagues seemed indifferent. No one else had seen the transmission. No one else heard my voice. When I mentioned the intercepted signal to Levchenko, my closest friend in the unit, he laughed.

"You need a vacation, Artem."

That night, Levchenko stopped responding to my calls. The next day, his desk was cleared. No one mentioned him. As if he had never worked there.

I drove to his apartment complex. I showed his landlord a photo. He shook his head.

"I'm sorry, but this man does not exist."

I checked my call logs. Every message I had sent him was gone. As if I had never spoken to him. At headquarters, I ran his personnel file. Access denied. I checked again. There was no record of Levchenko in our system. As if he had never been born.

LOG ENTRY #4

"I know what you did in Odessa."

There were only two people who knew what happened in Odessa. One was executed. The other is me. And we swore it would never be spoken of again. And yet—"I know what you did in Odessa." That was today's transmission.

Same signal. Same voice.

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My voice.

Saying something I have never spoken aloud.

Nobody knows what happened in Odessa. Nobody could.
Except—

I shut down the receivers. Logged off the system. Powered down the equipment. The speakers stayed on. And my voice whispered:

“Yes. We do.”

LOG ENTRY #5

I haven’t slept. My hands shake. I can barely hold a pen. Every time I close my eyes, I see places I’ve never been. I hear voices that aren’t mine. I dream of numbers. I wake up gasping, my mouth full of static.

I can’t risk it. Every time I close my eyes, I hear it. Not the recording, not the playback—the voice. My voice. Speaking in the silence.

I disconnected from the network. Cut all access. Yet, when I powered my laptop back on, there it was. A new log file. Timestamped while the device was offline.

I opened it.

It contained everything I have written here. And one new line at the bottom:

“You cannot hide from yourself.”

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LOG ENTRY #6

I am leaving Kyiv. There's nothing else I can do. I took the hard drive with me. Physical copies only. No more networks. No more signals.

As I walked past a television in the train station, a news broadcast caught my ear. Some story about an explosion in Eastern Siberia. A Russian black-site—obliterated. No survivors.

I asked the vendor what had happened. He shrugged.

"Some old weapons cache, they say."
But I know better. I pulled out my phone to check the news. Headlines scrolled by. The explosion. No survivors. I hesitated. Opened another site. Same story. Nothing unusual.

I sighed. Maybe I had overreacted. Maybe the paranoia had gotten to me. Maybe Levchenko had just transferred, nothing more.

The world continued around me. People lined up for their trains. A baby cried. Someone laughed. For the first time in days, I almost felt normal.

Then the screen flickered. A brief static hiss. The display dimmed, then brightened. And then I heard my own voice, clear as day:

"Yes. We do."

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